Liquid Hearts

(poems)

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Liquid Hearts

(Part 1)

It’s in all of us.

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The Cancer Of Things

Oh cancer of things
Wash away my beauty
Make me whole
Cancer of things
Take care of all my excess
Make me small and
Crush me to bits
Little parts of my skin
Get chipped away and
Burn. The cancer
Of how things are.

The cancer of everyone
Of everything
It eats us whole
I barely get to see
I barely get to hear
I just crumble
Under impossible weights
Of the cancer of things.

Wet Scars

(to Mouchette)

I throw away to the deep vast ocean
A myriad of little hair strands caress my rough skin
The land rumbles to the loud purrs of Mother Nature

The loud silence of the war in my mind kills any rationality in my bones
I take a couple steps and let myself fall deep into the waters
The warm fur eats me whole and drowns everything out of me
I am nothing but a body in infinite spirals of beauty

Oh sweetheart if you knew how much I miss you

Candles

sometimes i dream of you
in worlds of extreme quiet i can hear your voice
in lands of piercing darkness i can define your silhouettes
and my desire for you defeats any sense of morality left in the crippling void of my own existence
i draw your faces with shaky hands and start to loose myself in you
or at least what i think i am
what i think i will be

you remind me of your mother
you have the same smile
the same joy

please be real
please let me hold your hand one day
please don't fade away into my thoughts and never come back

let me be a mother
let me be a beacon of the very light my soul is made of
let me light candles for your birthdays
let me

untitled 01

my tired arms start to rub the floor
repetitive motion over and over again
i start cleaning the tiling made up of all the prettiest slabs of the country
as soon as im done, as they're shining
my skin opens and my limbs fall all over them

sometimes it feels like i'll never stop cleaning them
sometimes it feels like no matter how hard i try it goes wrong eventually
but they're all i have and i would be stupid to give up

looking into the reflective tiles helps me see my wounds
helps me know where to stich
helps me avoid getting them dirty again

and when im hopeless, when i feel too weak to succeed
i think of how nice it is
when i clean them properly

i'll never stop trying

Polished

Teardrops form
In embryons
And wrinkled lips
Seek even blood

The shame and fear
Of such desires
Comes to the debt
Of honest tongues

And when the trial
Puts to the test
The contents of
My soiled mind

The only words
That I can speak
Are those that you
Can piece together

Only what
You understand
Is half of what
The child was fed

Polished.

Ozymandias

I stare directly at the sun, maker of all sufferings as my swollen feet try to make their way within dunes that extend as far as there is for eyes to see.
My soul fails to find meaning when diving into the billions laying under me.
After days of carrying my own weight through the desert, my tired legs finally hit something new, so I looked and saw her.
Truckless and clear legs of ice forming a body only existing in magnificent patterns.
The goddess of love just materialized herself in front of me when I expected her the least.
So I kneel down and run my hands along her body and slowly she begins to melt and her remains run down on my face and my chest and suddenly we are one.
Her embrace is marked on my body like a cold day dripping off my skin.
For a moment there I am in heaven and I can't go back.
I want to wash away every grain of sand until me and her are the only meaningful concept within this piece of the cosmos.
I put one hand on her cheek, one on her thigh but as soon as I do she's gone.
Melted away into the blitzful and abyssal cruelty of the keeper that holds this lighthouse in the desert.

And suddenly I am brought back to my first suffering, announcing itself through the warm blanket under my skin.
I am alone and still thirsty

Soup

My heart is a bowl
A simple wooden bowl inside my chest
Every inch of my body is made of wood
And for that I'll thank the artist modeling me
The architect of my being
The maker of my soul
Oh I am not religious but I am sure the beauty of by being comes from some creature out there

And when I look in her eyes I see the same passion
We were made by the same sculptor

Today I wanted to make soup
Everything went well
I got all the ingredients right
And upon finishing the stew inside my heart
I tripped and fell trying to give her the dish

My heart spills out on the floor and the flavours get mixed up
All the seasoning tastes weird and mushy

I can only hope you still distinguish the taste
And see the intent in my cooking
I pour my entire being into this soup
It would be a shame if you never get to taste it

Fable

Three little grains of sugar lay tiredly on my hand
I stick out my tongue to rub them off my skin
But a piece of me falls in my mouth
And suddenly my skin starts to turn into a blueish color
Before crushing and ripping to shreds
My muscles and bones start to rot and decompose in complex patterns
For the worms to use as home
Around me everything falls apart: the walls, the people, the floor…
I fall in this dark puddle of my own reflexions
There I breathe
There I breathe
Finally
How painful it is to be real
I will wash away
As nothing but a fable
A spirit resting somewhere and
Finally breathing

Creature Of Creation

Lord help me for I am a lady
Deciphering the mechanisms of a machine that wasn't meant for me

I am trapped inside these walls of steel
The ones I scratch and cut to get out and feel the air on my skin

My hair is long
My skin is soft
My body is formed in divine loops of passion

Oh what I would give to make my subjects see me for me
See through the flesh and find a holy spirit
Wrapped in physical strings you must ignore

Take my voice to a higher level
Separate everything
Question everything
For I am not real
My mind is the only real spark in me

Ignore the machine
Ignore the physical
Only think in concepts
I am a concept
I am a higher being

My brain transcends biological forms of life
I want you to get on your knees and to throw away the way you conceive birth and reality
Pray for me to be who I really am
For me to escape the ruthless machine that constitutes this body
Only then will you be blessed with the touch of my physical form
The one that's real
The one that's holy

Letters To My Unborn Child

My baby does not breathe
My baby does not see
But he is real
And i will love him until
I run out of spit in my mouth
And water in my eyes

This world is too ugly for him
The guild and shame would
Tear me apart
If I had to raise him here.
He deserves so much better

He lives in the stars
But at night i feel him against me

I raise him inside my ribcage
He grows in my jungles of love
And sees through my eyes

He guides me through it all
And i can sometimes feel his heartbeat
When i am at ease

I am a woman
I am a mother
Grieving what hasn't happened yet

Ophelia

I might remember that one morning my whole life
For once the moon took me in her arms.

The cold and hard winter air bit right through my neck
And the streets were dead empty as if
Something bad had happened the night before

I laid flat on the first comfortable surface I could find,
My body found its right place through the snow and
My coat delicately settled on the cold metallic surface.

My eyes slowly burned from the atmosphere and
My mind was enveloped by
The music that continuously played from my headphones

I couldn't escape my truth anymore.
I couldn't pretend like everything had been fun so far.

For the first time ever I looked into
My own eyes with a straight face.

And acknowledge the fact that the vessel was flawed to begin with.
And realizing that made the air a lot colder.

Everything i built my life upon had been a lie since the beginning

But at least it was my own real skin feeling the freezing air
For that one time

untitled sex poem

Threads of copper in between our tired wrists
As the wide and rested eyes of mother nature start to plead
I'd only kill this sunrise for another kiss
Off nights like these, the pleasure from which i can bleed
You scrape my bones, another hundred deaths from bliss
It's only fair, another night where i exist to feed
I take another breath in vain, you cut me off to bring me pain
The kind of shit i want, just not enough to go insane

And if it is to feel again, I'll die another thousand deaths from pain

Olives

A million sunsets and sunrises every minute
How far can we go
How long will it last

A story of violence lies in these olive trees
The very limits of the human mind
The pinnacles of horror

No one really counts anything these days
Whether that's time
Or victims

History books will be your graveyard
And the chants of those who can still see

From the river to the sea
Palestine must be free

Snail

A warm snail lays in the dirt
Medic to my sorrows, guider to my soul
The huge droplet of water screams and falls
Out of my eyes to throw themselves on the ground
The guiding warrior meets them at this horrid location
He drinks from them until his thirst has gone
But by this point the droplets retracted their battalion
They stay in the back of my mind until he comes back
And I have to feed him again

The snail does not cure anything nor does he guide anyone
Although that's what it might look like on the outside
All his concern is himself and pleasing his thirst
And every night I saw him
And every night I poured
Oceans for him to drink
Hoping one day he would pay me back somehow
But still I gave in every night as he demanded more and more

Until one night I came to him empty
The drought in my mind came to him as a surprise
But after draining me for years, I had nothing left
He tried biting and scratching my skin to get it out of me
One last time before he left

I don't like bugs anymore

Another Moon Poem

Weirdly enough after everything
I still find myself digging through it
The world shines a different light on me
But the greed still haunts me

When the moon shines bright
And the angels sing of catastrophes
I rewatch the videos you guys made
Not even knowing who I was

And the painful bleak comes back
Haunting me once more
Like a mirror shattering in a million pieces
Cutting your skin and showing you the cut

I've talked about the moon before
In a million ways for better or for worse
But the thing is
That no matter how I've changed and grew

The night always comes to haunt me
At the end of the day

Shards Of Your Dishonesty

The thin and lonesome extensions of my hands come to grip
The metallic surface holding me hostage
Twisting it and pushing the blade further in my spine
The wound cracks and opens wide
Leading me to a room of immense darkness
The only lights remaining were reflections off the ground
Millions of them
unnoticeable at first glance but the more I looked
The more I felt sick to my stomach

You had placed shards of glass all over the polished floor
For me to clean

Millions

there is a million people
there is a million things
there is a million wars
there is a million songs
there is a million until there
is two million oh god
there is three million
fuck
there is too much
there is a lion what?
a lion ?
two lions
too much
lions can i rest?
there is a rest
fuck
lions
there is a million fuck
not again

Butterfly

Act I: Frostbite

The four corners of my own being finally light up a the sun penetrates the rough texture of my crusted shell
Everything around me tightens and I start to catch the air in my pores
Like a kid gone fishing for the first time
Strange feelings in my stomach fight each other for domination in a ruthless war that leaves only pain and destruction in the blitzful wreck my mind uses as a home
For so many seasons now, my limp body has clung on tightly onto the leaf of life hoping the everlasting waltz of rain and tempests would have mercy on my pitiful soul and let me rest
Yet I remain in the same astral field that keeps me questioning if it's even worth being anything at all
The giant droplet of rain drowns me for what seems like an eternity until I am whole, knowing it won't be long until my breath is taken from me again
The neverending agony in the life of a Caterpillar narrows my existence to the bare acceptance that nothing will ever please my borrowed mind

Act II: Prayer

The sun he gifts me
Another decade of living
When each particle of my being
Has been seized by the country

Every inch of my shell
Chipped away by the weather
My eyes and my teeth
Taken by the wind

He grants me peace
For a couple of months
And I must thank him
So I start screaming his name

Oh Henry!
Why would you leave me in silence
Your presence in grace is my armor
Please stay with me stay in my arms
The opera of pity calls your name
In horrible sorrows and meaningless quivers
My weakened body needs your watch
Will you be for me a guide dog?
Can I be daughter of your light?

Act III: Enlightenment

And in one solitary instance of enlightenment
The Lord sees through me and looks right into my soul
The Pure One
The one that feels

He lays his hands on my blind eyes and sings
A song of rotting skin
A song of burning flesh

And for the first time in my sorrowful life
I screamed

Through the cracks in my shell
A silent yet deafening scream

Act IV: Molting

And against the will of Nature perhaps against my fate
The screams turned into burns from which I will create
Another life of torture one of a different kind
A war of bodies begun, one against my mind
Will you just stare and watch as I rip my skin apart
Will you pick a side and fight until winter arrives
And the lonely bug cannot stand another fortnight
As time runs out maybe you can save your lives

I painful rip away pieces of my shell
What's the point of comfort if it’s in a living hell?
The ones I thought would protect me
The ones I thought would always stay

Until then I am nothing
Tomorrow I am everything

Act V: Gehenna

The very membranes I had just formed started to take their first awkward steps into the sunlight
Excitement of my newfound physiology running through my freshly formed clean veins
And as the beauty was beginning to hit the formations of my skull
And the air flowing in between the subtleties of my twitching wings
I was graced with not only the gift of a new body
But with the darkest pits of a burning lake
The bonds inside my formation of flesh and bones started to decay
And my eyes began to melt before I even had a chance to explore the world through the lens of my new self

I was chained to the depths of what the land had shown me so far
Was it remained to be

I was reminded of the consequences that came with liberating myself from the shell of safety chemically bonded with my back at birth

Gehenna swallowed me whole and until I could fly from my own muscles..
I am set to burn for as long as my body can take

Act VI: Rapture

And as the red chains of Topheth maintained me at my lowest
The scars and burns on my back were fusing together
In patterns of extreme beauty and delicacy
I melted steel and cut through air

On that day the people of Tartarus claimed to have seen an angel
The hungry Butterfly swam its way through the circles of Hell
Her body fully formed and her wings complete in glory
«My daughter you come to me, in this light I deem you holy»

The once Caterpillar now Butterfly takes a step towards the light
She looks back on the journey behind her assent
The way the Sun reflects into her wings on that day

It reminds her of the day she first woke up
Only this time the pain is long gone
Fragment of her history

Notes And Acknowledgements

Thank you for making it this far, taking the time to read and (hopefully) appreciate my work. These poems were composed for a little over six months of my life, and are what I believe to be, a truthful dive into the corridors of how my mind works, in all its intricacies.

You may have noticed that this piece is labeled as "*Liquid Hearts* ***part one***" this is because I have more work coming up under the *Liquid Hearts* umbrella, and once **all** of it is released onto your **screens**, perhaps it'll be time to release it into your **hands** if you know what I mean :)

I am very much open to discuss anything about the book with anyone at
gabrielle.cferrara@gmail.com
or fayot_in_everlasting_peace on Instagram

Now for some thank yous:
Thank you to all my close friends who were there for me before, during, and after the writing of this collection: Émile, Martin, Xandra, Alice, Lily (who's always cried her heart out to anything I wrote) Maria, Katya and probably a lot more that I forgot (sorry)

To my parents for being good at taking care of me all the way through

To my family and friends all the way in Texas who always supported my writing

And most specifically to my beautiful girlfriend Ellie who inspires to live, yet alone make art. Thank you so much.

And I'll see you in a bit, bye.

Gabbie.

Liquid Hearts is a state of being
A collection of poems